

## Hour of the Changes

A wild early April strangeness,  
crazier than any autumn evening,  
mild air full of flooding wind,  
motions of storming branches,  
a queer, creaky, crying sound  
way off, as the rain advances –

What's that? a thud of thunder?  
a big tree going down?  
the sound of the untime after?  
No, only the hour of the changes,  
uncanny, oceanic,  
smelling of hyacinth, ozone, daphne.

- Ursula K. Le Guin